

8-26-1903

Letter from George S. Pratt, New York, New York,
to Anne Whitney, Plymouth, Massachusetts, 1903
August 26

George S. Pratt

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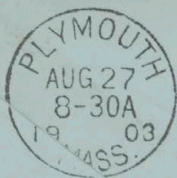
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G. S. Bell
Miss Anne Whitney
Stony Brook
Plymouth
Mass.



I pay regular unob-
 strained visits and often
 stay to supper and arrange
 to have them make the
 acquaintances of some one
 I know in the same house
 and in about every in-
 stance get far more
 than I bestow -

On last Friday, I went
 up to Great Barrington,
 and spent the Sunday with
 Margaret at the Berkshire
 Inn. On Sunday afternoon
 we drove over to So. Egge-
 mouth, where Aunt Mary,
 Florrie, Effie & Helen are
 stopping and where Marg-
 aret also has taken up bed
 and board - until
 Saturday, when they will
 all come to their respective

Aug 26th 03
 GRAHAM COURT,
 SEVENTH AVENUE & 116TH STREET.

Dear Aunt Anne,

Although it seems
 rather late in the day to
 be saying it, yet it is true
 that one of the best, the
 highest notes I have ever
 known, was the note which
 you afforded me in Plymouth.
 For years I have been look-
 ing forward to a journey
 there, as a pious pilgrim-
 age - and when that time
 came there were no dis-
 illusions - the Rock - the
 street - the Spring - the Bural
 Hill - their interests - ducks
 and enactments all com-
 bined to induce a most
 unexpected emotion which
 stirred itself again and
 again as I recall the
 scenes - How unconscious

they were of the surplus
of love and reverence
and admiration they were
forming - I am under
renewed obligations
to you for making
it all possible to me and
bringing the visit to pass.

It strikes me that you
pitched your tent well
when you pitched it
in Plymouth - I think
of your two piazzas, one
looking far away and
up to those inexpres-
sible mountains - and
the other looking out
over the endless sea.

They are places good for
both the body and the

Soul - they seem particularly

good for one who con-
stantly goes out and in
among those who are
struggling and rather on
the underpick, in the fight
to hold their own and
stand on their feet in
the greed and oppressiveness
of a great commercial
community.

I am spending two or
three hours each afternoon,
nowadays, making the
acquaintance of those sheep
of my flock who do not
come to the sheep fold, and
who for pretty much the
same reasons do not go
to the country - that is they
have neither the time nor
money for such luxuries
and they have not arrived
at the point where they
can accept free tickets.

homes. Maggie will probably remain in town until the 10th of Sept. when she will go to Arlington to take possession, and after a week or more, shut up her cottage there.

There were some pleasant people that we knew at the Berkshire Inn and with the fine weather, and magnificent country - is was an event - I came home on Sunday night to meet some engagements and to take up things again - I am entertaining a blind man - from the Blind Home - who is bringing out showers of harmonious notes

from the piano - He mostly
takes care of himself and
seems rather happy
in the freedom of the flat
where he sees everything
with the tips of his fingers.
takes some dictation from
me on my typewriter -
wipes the dishes that I
wash after our primi-
tive breakfast, airs
and spreads up his bed
and waits on the door
where the bell rings -

He is a gentle and self-
breasted young man, but
through the aid of just such
a movement as mine
morning is managing to
be able to pour out his
whole soul in musical ex-
pression and to fairly support
himself - My salutations
to you both Affectionately George.